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LUGER

Bruce Jones • Bo Hampton • Tom Yeates

The PENUMBRA

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ON THE RACKS

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WHODUNNIT? no. 2
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ADOLESCENT RADIOACTIVE BLACK BELT HAMSTERS in 3-D no. 3
Tom Sutton illustrates this eye-popper in the Hamsters' third 3-D book. Written by Don Chin, the Hamster King himself!

CHAMPIONS no. 3
The Champions go after the two remaining soul-shards, only to find DEMON and Malice in the way!

REID FLEMING, WORLD'S TOUGHEST MILKMAN no. 1
ALL NEW! Reid is threatened with the loss of his job should he damage one more milktruck. Not to be missed!

THE NEW DNAgents no. 14
Trouble abounds as Amber loses the ability to fly, while Sham loses the all-important ability to think!

KITZ 'N' KATZ no. 4
The krazines kontinues as the katz try to pep up Kozy's ice-cream kone business by erekting a giant statue!

JUST A RAMBLE: Today is Saturday. I'm not exactly sure which Saturday out of the 52 or so we're getting this year it is, but it is a Saturday, that I know. I know it 'cause I'm not supposed to be working today, but I am working and it sucks.

It's a Saturday in September, to hone in a little closer. Late September. Very late September. That's why I'm working on this Saturday. The October schedule books are a little weirded out. Gotta whip 'em into shape before we run out of September to do it in.

Let's see...gotta write the Penumbra for the second shipping group. That's what I'm doing right now, actually. Then I gotta call Steve Oliff and ask if he's gonna be able to get **Airboy** #8 off to Gary on Monday. He will. He's a real pro at saving our schedules. We call him "S.O.S.—O.S.O." That's short for "Save Our Schedules, Omnipotent Steve Oliff!" He's so great, we oughta run a thank you to him every month. We oughta get down on our knees and kiss his colourful feet. Especially on Saturdays.

Dean's in the front room, pasting up the Penumbras and indicias for the first shipping group in October. Oughta kiss his feet too.

After I write this up, I'm gonna have to try to clean off my desk. The only way to do that, though, is to read all those scripts and edit them. Two issues of **Airboy** came in on Friday, plus the next **Scout**, and I promised Jack Herman I'd have the **Villains and Vigilantes** script edited on Friday, but I blew that one. Hope Jeff can wait another day for it. I think he's still working on issue 1, so I guess I'm safe there.

Oh yeah, and that Dutch publisher...I never did finish typing up the list of properties we have available for syndication there. Gotta do that today so it can go off first thing on Monday. Hope he takes some stuff. I like getting in the foreign editions. **Die Unschlagbaren Funf** is my fave for weirdness; you'd never know that it's the **DNAgents** in German! Wonder what they'll call it in Dutch? Well, can't count our chickens before they're hatched...but he did seem pretty enthusiastic.

Gotta remember to call Timbo and ask him about changing the third caption box in that **Tales of Terror** script he just sent in. Then I gotta xerox it and send it off to Kevin Nowlan. Gotta call Scott about getting some new art from the revived **Zot!** shot out quick for the **Amazing Heroes Preview.** Oh yeah, and I have absolutely GOT to phone Dr. Three about the **Fashion in Action Winter Special** plotline.

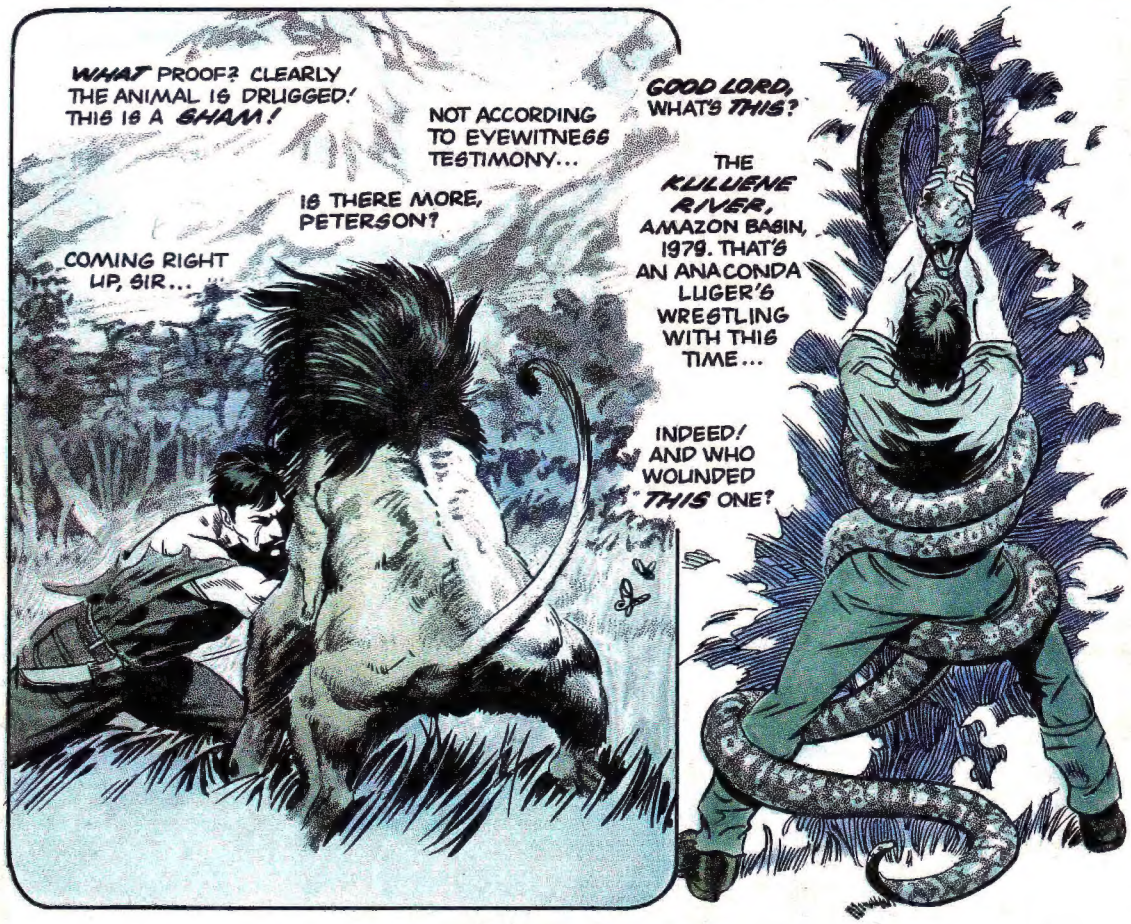
Good thing the phone's not ringing today. Sometimes I can't get anything done, everybody keeps calling and calling. And then those new Sprint lines cut the calls off in midstream anyway. That's right. Gotta call Sprint and complain. Can't do that until Monday, though. Oh well.

Monday. Jim's coming up with a truck load of steel shelving on Monday. Gotta rebuild all the warehouse space that was destroyed by the flood. Geez, it didn't take us too long to publish enough books to require a bigger warehouse than we had before the flood, did it? Seems like we're really increasing our output this year. Selling better too. I hate bolting that shelving together, but I don't want to shove a job like that off on somebody else. Maybe if we all pitch in we can get it done on Monday. I doubt it. Monday and Tuesday we gotta get all the final camera ready line art together for the books shipping the first week of December. And Wednesday through Friday we gotta have the finished colour work assembled for the first shipping group in November. Maybe we can put the shelving together...next Saturday.

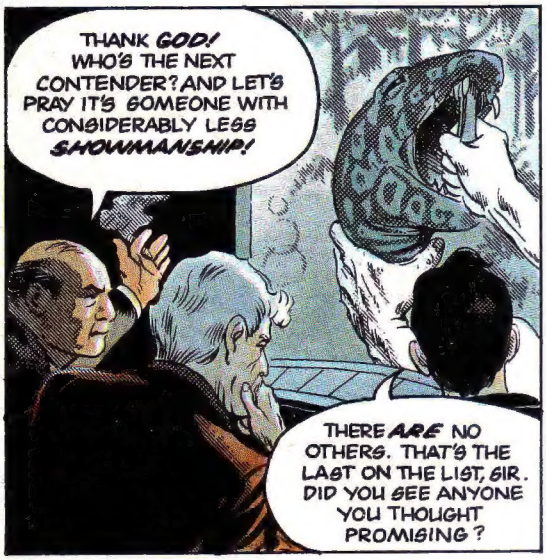
catherine yronwode

LUGER™ no. 1, October 1986. Published bi-monthly by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor-in-Chief. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Story ©1986 Bruce Jones. Art ©1986 Bo Hampton/Tom Yeates. Cover art ©1986 Tom Yeates. Luger TM Bruce Jones. All other material ©1986 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. Film by SM Graphics.

WHAT'S THIS SUPPOSED TO BE? TARZAN OF THE APES?
THIS IS TANGANIKA, 1967. LUGER WAS IN HIS EARLY TWENTIES THEN. THIS WAS THE SHEFFIELD SAFARI. SUPPOSED TO BE A SIMPLE ARISTOCRATIC ROMP IN THE BUSH.
ONE OF THE PARTY SUPPOSEDLY WOUNDED THIS LARGE MALE LION WITH A CLUMSY RIFLE SHOT...
IT ATTACKED THE GROUP. LUGER KILLED IT.
WITH A KNIFE? PREPOSTEROUS!
THE PROOF IS ON THE SCREEN...

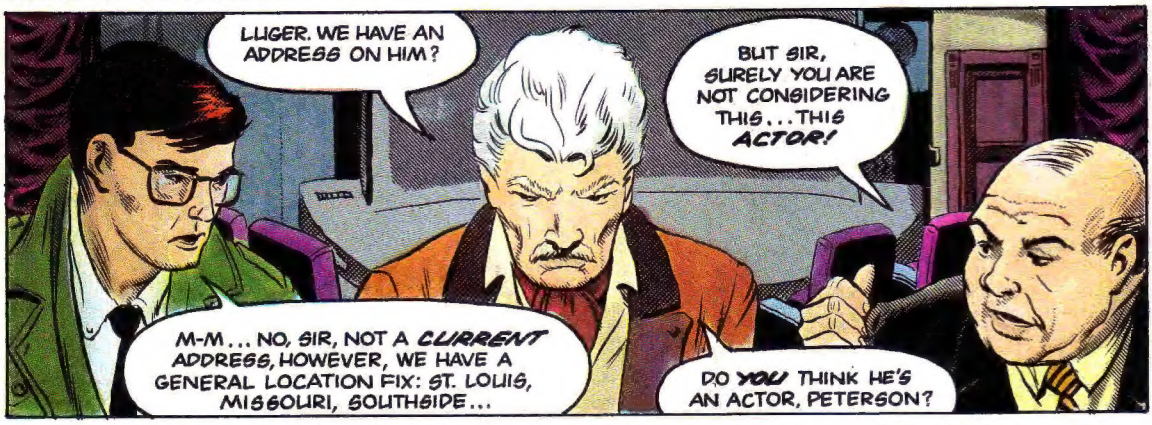

WHAT PROOF? CLEARLY THE ANIMAL IS DRUGGED! THIS IS A SHAM!
NOT ACCORDING TO EYEWITNESS TESTIMONY...
IS THERE MORE, PETERSON?
COMING RIGHT UP, SIR...
GOOD LORD, WHAT'S THIS?
THE KULUENE RIVER, AMAZON BASIN, 1979. THAT'S AN ANACONDA LUGER'S WRESTLING WITH THIS TIME...
INDEED! AND WHO WOUNDED THIS ONE?

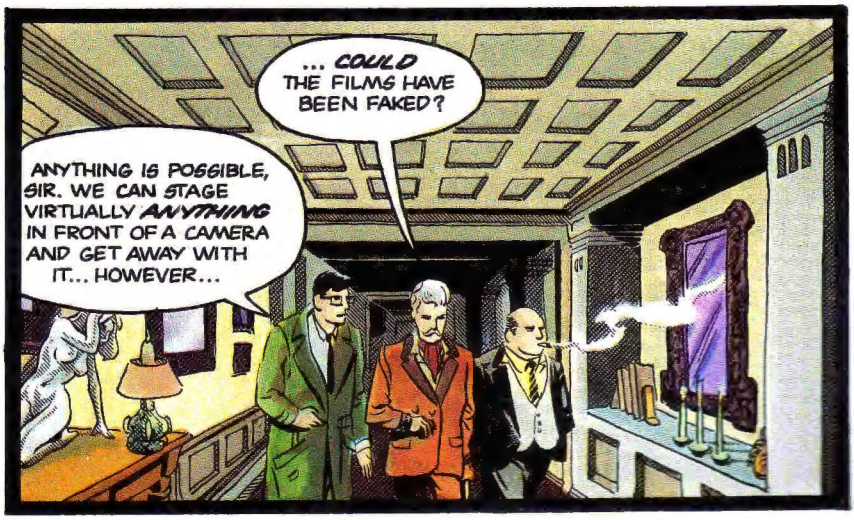
NOBODY. LUGER WAS SECURING THIS SPECIMEN FOR A CHICAGO ZOO...
WITH HIS BARE HANDS? RIDICULOUS! WHY THE HISTRIONICS?
I'M TOLD IT'S THE BEST WAY TO CATCH AN ANACONDA...
...WELL, THAT'S ALL THE FOOTAGE WE HAVE, SIR.

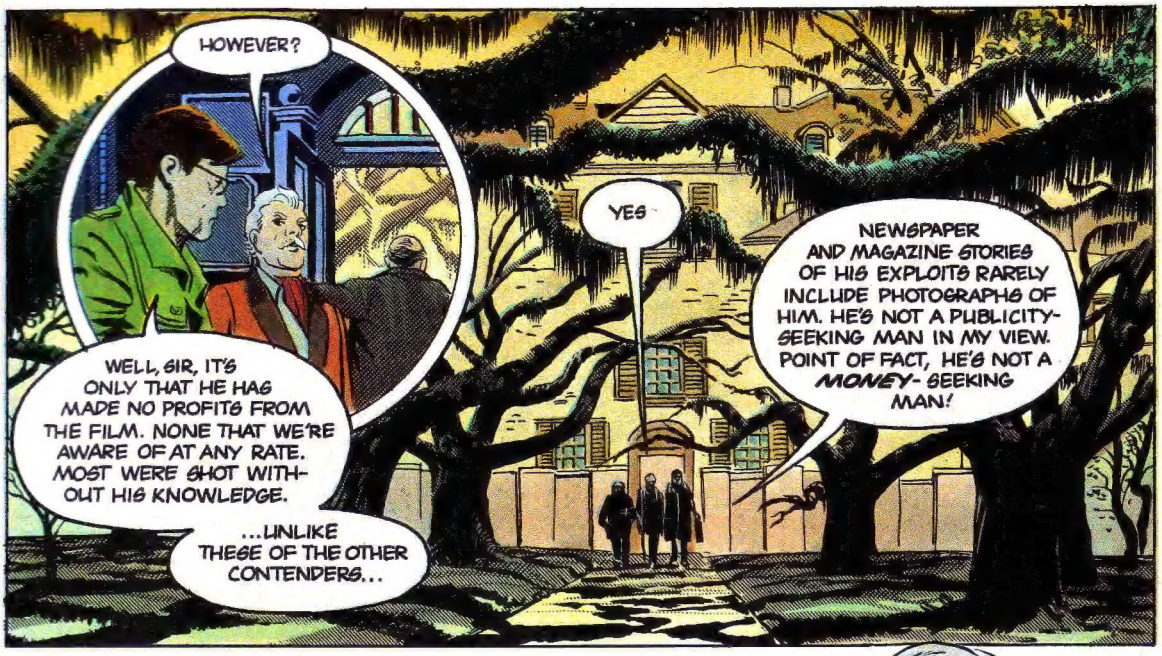

THANK GOD! WHO'S THE NEXT CONTENDER? AND LET'S PRAY IT'S SOMEONE WITH CONSIDERABLY LESS SHOWMANSHIP!
THERE ARE NO OTHERS. THAT'S THE LAST ON THE LIST, SIR. DID YOU SEE ANYONE YOU THOUGHT PROMISING?

LOT OF ACROBATS AND FAIRGROUND HUCKSTERS! WHAT WE NEED IS A GOOD EX-GOVERNMENT MAN!
A SPECIALIST OR SOMETHING, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, SIR?

THIS LAST MAN... WHAT WAS HIS NAME AGAIN?
LUGER, SIR. JOHN LUGER. HE'S AN AMERICAN.


LUGER. WE HAVE AN ADDRESS ON HIM?
BUT SIR, SURELY YOU ARE NOT CONSIDERING THIS... THIS ACTOR!
M-M... NO, SIR, NOT A CURRENT ADDRESS, HOWEVER, WE HAVE A GENERAL LOCATION FIX: ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, SOUTHSIDE...
DO YOU THINK HE'S AN ACTOR, PETERSON?


... COULD THE FILMS HAVE BEEN FAKED?
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, SIR. WE CAN STAGE VIRTUALLY ANYTHING IN FRONT OF A CAMERA AND GET AWAY WITH IT... HOWEVER...


HOWEVER?
YES
NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE STORIES OF HIS EXPLOITS RARELY INCLUDE PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIM. HE'S NOT A PUBLICITY-SEEKING MAN IN MY VIEW. POINT OF FACT, HE'S NOT A MONEY-SEEKING MAN!
WELL, SIR, IT'S ONLY THAT HE HAS MADE NO PROFITS FROM THE FILM. NONE THAT WE'RE AWARE OF AT ANY RATE. MOST WERE SHOT WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE.
...UNLIKE THESE OF THE OTHER CONTENDERS...

--AND?
WELL, IT'S JUST THAT HE MIGHT BE A HARD MAN TO, EH--COMMISSION, IF YOU SEE MY POINT, SIR...
NO INTEREST IN MONEY...THAT COULD BE AN ADVANTAGE...
HOW SO, SIR?

...THE BEST *MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS DO IT FOR THE CLIMB, BEST SEAMEN FOR LOVE OF THE SEA...
YOU SAY HE'S IN ST. LOUIS AT PRESENT?
THE SOUTHSIDE. BIT OF A TAWDRY AREA I'M TOLD...

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A MAN SEEKING ADVENTURE! PLEASE, SIR, WON'T YOU CONSIDER A GOOD GOVERNMENT MAN, SOMEONE WE KNOW?
GOVERNMENT MEN ALL LOOK LIKE GOVERNMENT MEN. WE NEED A BLANK FACE... ATTACHED TO A SKILLED BODY.

BOOK US ON THE FIRST DIRECT FLIGHT TO THE MIDWEST, PETERSON.
VERY GOOD, SIR.

LUGER™

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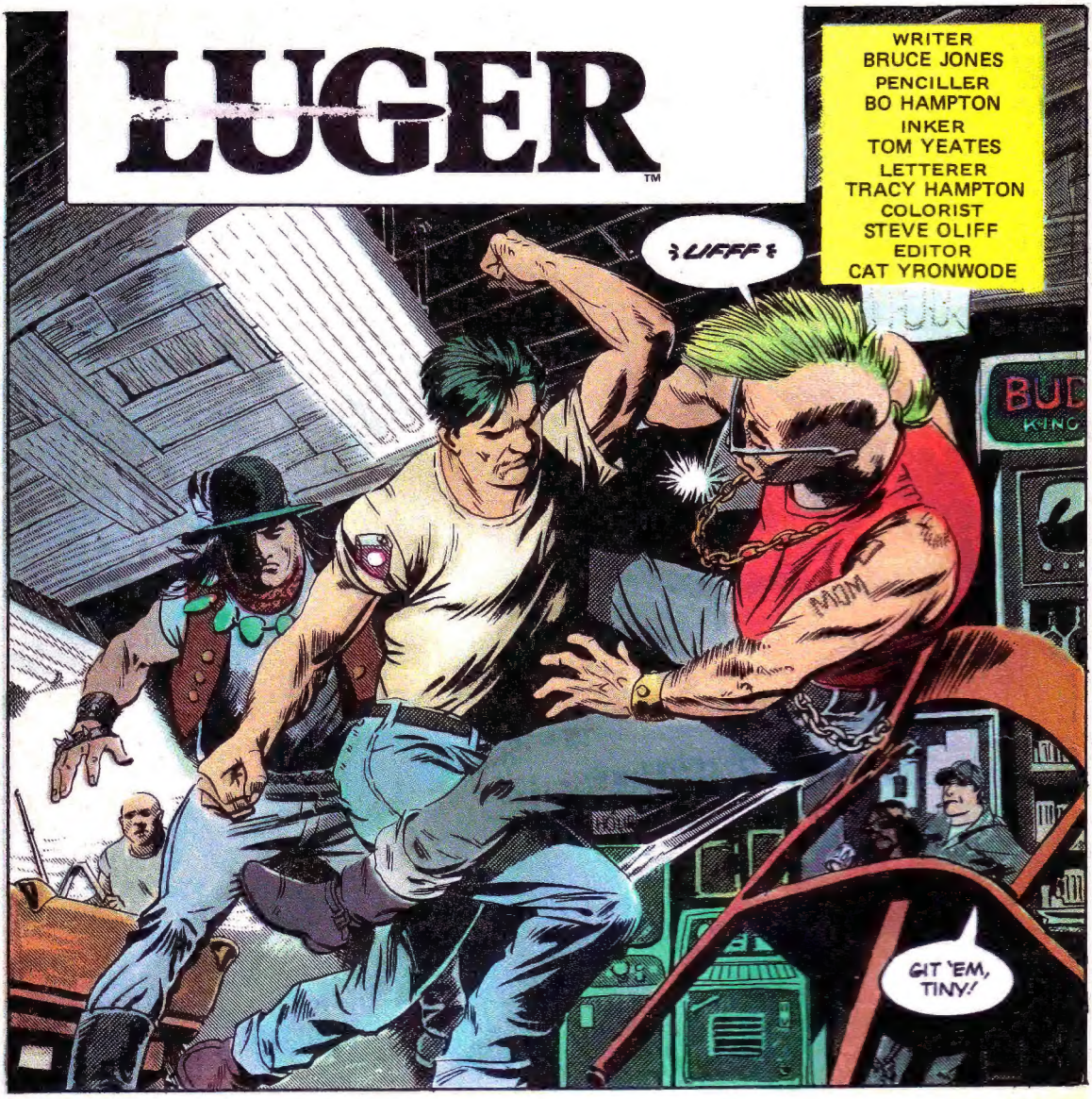
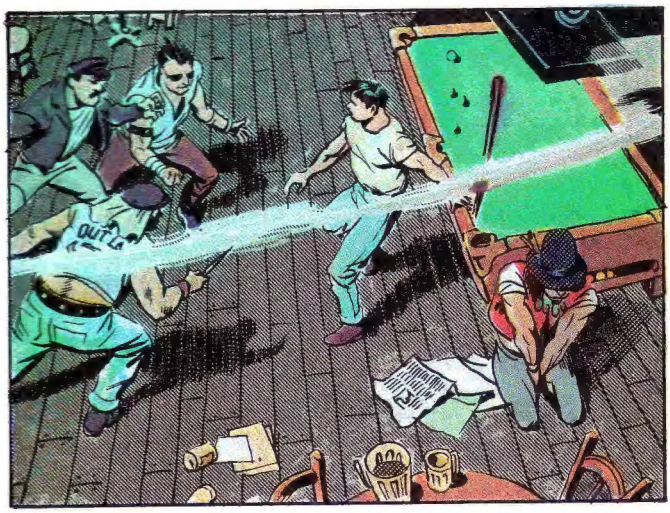




WASTE 'IM!

FFAP
OUTLAW

;WHUF=

OUTLAWS
...NGGH!

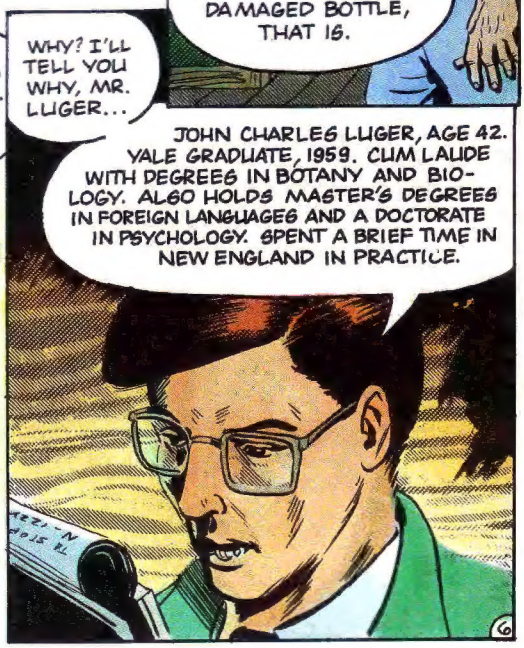
THWOK
AGGH!

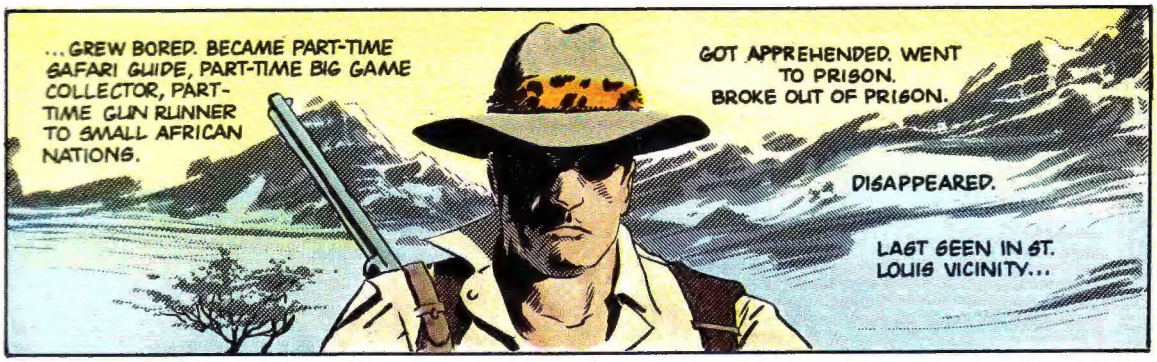
LUGER, NO! I GOTTA PAY FOR IT.
RAFT

FIFTY-SEVEN SIXTY... SEVENTY-TWO THIRTY...
CRRASSH!

PARDON ME. YOUR NAME IS LUGER?
WHO WANTS TA KNOW?
I WONDER IF WE MIGHT BUY YOU A DRINK... ASSUMING WE CAN FIND AN UNDAMAGED BOTTLE, THAT IS.

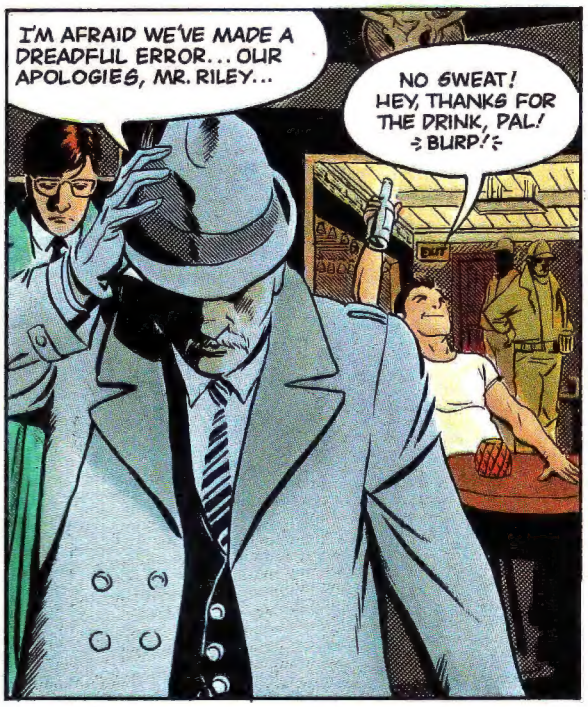
--SO YOU SEE, MR. LUGER, WHY WE NEED SOMEONE OF YOUR EXPERTISE.
YEAH, (BURP!), DAT'S AN INTERESTIN' PROBLEM YA GOT DERE, MR. PETERSON. ONLY HOW COME YOUSE GUYS CONTACTED ME ANYHOW? HUH?


WHY? I'LL TELL YOU WHY, MR. LUGER...
JOHN CHARLES LUGER, AGE 42. YALE GRADUATE, 1959. CUM LAUDE WITH DEGREES IN BOTANY AND BIOLOGY. ALSO HOLDS MASTER'S DEGREES IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES AND A DOCTORATE IN PSYCHOLOGY. SPENT A BRIEF TIME IN NEW ENGLAND IN PRACTICE.


...GREW BORED. BECAME PART-TIME SAFARI GUIDE, PART-TIME BIG GAME COLLECTOR, PART-TIME GUN RUNNER TO SMALL AFRICAN NATIONS.
GOT APPREHENDED. WENT TO PRISON. BROKE OUT OF PRISON.
DISAPPEARED.
LAST SEEN IN ST. LOUIS VICINITY...

VERY INTERESTIN'... ONE QUESTION?
WHO'S THIS GUY ÷BURP÷ JOHN CHARLES LUGER?
YES.

WE ASSUMED YOU...
ME? MY NAME'S "LUGER" RILEY. I'M AN EX-PUGILIST!
I AIN'T NEVER BEEN NOWHERE NEAR AFRICA...


I'M AFRAID WE'VE MADE A DREADFUL ERROR... OUR APOLOGIES, MR. RILEY...
NO SWEAT! HEY, THANKS FOR THE DRINK, PAL! ÷BURP!÷
EXIT

AWFUL BIG WAD OF BILLS WEIGHIN' DOWN YER COAT THERE, MISTER... YOU INTERESTED IN PARTIN' WITH ANY OF IT?
DISGUSTING! DO YOUR PARENTS KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, YOUNG LADY?
PUB
FISH

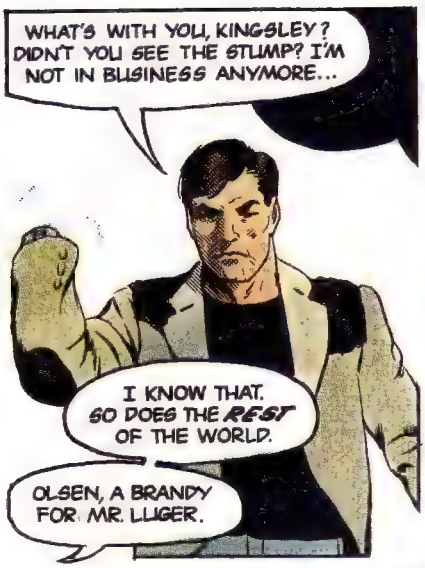
I AIN'T GOT NO PARENTS, TOOTS. YOU GONNA BUY TWINKIE A DRINK OR WHAT?
TWINKIE? IS THAT YOUR REAL NAME?
WALK
THEY CALL ME THAT 'CAUSE I GOT TWO BIG ONES UNDER THE WRAPPER...
I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A MISTAKE, SIR WILFORD, I TOLD YOU!
TOO BAD YOU GENTS CAN'T HANG AROUND! THE PARTY'S JUST STARTIN'! AND LATER ON WE COULD GO SEE MY FRIEND...
YOU'D LIKE MY FRIEND... HIS NAME IS JOHNNY. MAYBE YOU HEARD OF HIM...
JOHNNY LUGER?
GREAT HEAVENS, THE SMELL! SIR WILFORD, I SUGGEST WE LEAVE THIS PLACE IMMEDIATELY!
HEY, JOHNNY! WAKE UP! WE GOT COMPANY!
NAH, STICK AROUND! JOHNNY'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YA! HE'S GLAD TO SEE ANYBODY WHO BRINGS BOOZE!
ARE YOU JOHN CHARLES LUGER? DID YOU LEAD THE BRIGHTON PARTY ON A 1976 SAFARI THROUGH EAST AFRICA?
...HUH... WHAZZIT...?
HERE YA GO, LOVER...
ONE MOMENT: ANSWER THE QUESTION FIRST PLEASE.
JOHN CHARLES LUGER IS DEAD. OKAY? NOW GIMME THE DRINK.
MISS "TWINKIE" HERE SEEMS TO BELIEVE THE CONTRARY...
LUGER IS DEAD. HE DIED FIVE YEARS AGO. BELIEVE ME, I WAS THERE. NOW BEAT IT AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE... AND LEAVE THE BOTTLE.
8

PLEASE, LORD KINGSLEY, WE'VE OBVIOUSLY MADE ANOTHER MISTAKE...
YOU LOOK REMARKABLY LIKE THE JOHN CHARLES LUGER OF WHOM WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS...
IS THAT A FACT? WELL, DO TELL!
AWW, JOHNNY, WHY DON'T YOU TELL 'EM THE TRUTH? YOU KNOW THAT--
LUGER'S DEAD! PERIOD. THE END! NOW SCRAM!
BUT THESE GUYS HAVE MONEY, JOHNNY, WE COULD--
I SAID HE'S DEAD!
WHAPP
YOU, SIR, ARE NO BETTER THAN A COWARD! REVOLTING!
I'D LIKE THE BOTTLE BACK IF YOU DON'T MIND--
JUST CLOSE THE DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT, GENTLEMEN.
JUST IN CASE YOUR FINGER-PRINTS SHOULD MATCH THOSE OF THE REAL MR. LUGER...
HEY, GIMME THAT BACK, YOU EFFETE LITTLE TWERP!
I WOULDN'T ADVISE THAT, SIR--
GOOD LORD, SIR WILFORD, LOOK!
THE MAN ONLY HAS ONE HAND!
THOK!
9

YA CREEP! YA LOUSY CREEP! STAY AWAY FROM HIM! GET YER STINKIN' PAWS OFF!
I'M SORRY, MISS... IT APPEARS WE HAVE MADE A MISTAKE HERE... COME, GENTLEMEN.
...POOR BABY...POOR SWEET BABY...
MISSOURI SKEET & GUN CLUB
MEMBERS ONLY
KA-CHOW!
KA-CHOW!
GOOD SHOT, SIR!
PARDON ME. SOMEONE TO SEE YOU, SIR WILFORD... EH... A YOUNG LADY.
SIR WILFORD IS EXTREMELY BUSY!
...PLEASE, I...IF I COULD JUST TALK WITH YOU-- ONLY A SECOND! IT'S ABOUT JOHNNY...HE'S...HE'S...

...HE'S BITTER, YA KNOW? ABOUT HIS HAND. WOULDN'T YOU BE? HE LOST IT IN A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT THAT-- WELL, I PROMISED NOT TO TALK ABOUT IT...
WELL, WHAT IS IT?
LOOK, IF YOU COULD JUST SEE HIM AGAIN...
THEN HE IS THE JOHN LUGER... PULL!
...HE... SEE... HE OWES SOME MONEY TO THESE PEOPLE... THESE PEOPLE FROM CHICAGO AND ...LOOK, IF YOU COULD JUST TALK TO HIM AGAIN...
KA-CHOW
HOW OLD ARE YOU, MY DEAR?
ME? TWENTY-EIGHT.
...TWENTY-EIGHT...TWENTY-EIGHT...YES, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABOUT THAT...
TWO BRANDIES, OLSEN...
EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR... IF I MAY... YES... YES... JUST SO... HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED WEARING YOUR HAIR THIS WAY IT BECOMES YOU, YOU KNOW...
LORD KINGSLEY, I--
...YOU LOOK QUITE LIKE HER EXCEPT FOR THE COLORING, OF COURSE... MY DAUGHTER. FORGIVE THE GRAINY PHOTO...
VERY NICE. LORD KINGSLEY, I--
MY TOTAL MONETARY WORTH EXCEEDS SIXTY MILLION POUNDS, DID YOU KNOW THAT?
I WOULD GIVE EVERY FARTHING OF IT JUST TO SEE HER AGAIN FOR ONE HOUR...

SHE WAS KIDNAPPED FROM ME JUST UNDER ONE MONTH AGO. ON THE THIRD DAY AFTER HER DISAPPEARANCE, I RECEIVED THIS PHOTOGRAPH WITH A NOTE IN HER HAND SAYING SHE WAS WELL BUT DID NOT WISH TO SEE ME EVER AGAIN.
I HAVEN'T SLEPT ONCE IN THAT TIME...
DO THE POLICE--?
THEN LAST WEEK I RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL-- MALE VOICE -- THAT LASTED EXACTLY SIXTEEN AND ONE-HALF SECONDS...
...INFORMING ME THAT ANY ATTEMPT TO LOCATE MY DAUGHTER WOULD RESULT IN HER IMMEDIATE TERMINATION.
IT IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR A MAN IN MY POSITION TO MAKE A MOVE UNDETECTED.
THE MEDIA KNOWS IT EVERY TIME I GO TO THE BLOODY TOILET! THEY ALSO KNOW EVERYONE I KNOW... AT LEAST IN GREAT BRITAIN...
THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED JOHNNY...
I WANT MY DAUGHTER BACK, MRS. LUGER...
I WANT HER BACK...
LET'S GO, PIDGE...
JOHNNY, PLEASE! TAKE THIS JOB!
TAKE ANY JOB! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
I AM DOING SOMETHING, I'M TAKING YOU HOME.
PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE A DRINK WITH US BEFORE YOU GO, MR. LUGER...


WHAT'S WITH YOU, KINGSLEY? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE STUMP? I'M NOT IN BUSINESS ANYMORE...
I KNOW THAT. SO DOES THE REST OF THE WORLD.
OLSEN, A BRANDY FOR MR. LUGER.

IT'S A LOT OF MONEY, JOHNNY! WE COULD MOVE--GO SOMEWHERE NICE!
JOHNNY, IT'S A JOB!
I'VE GOT A JOB, PIGEON, YOU KNOW THAT...

I'LL WALK YOU TO THE CAR, MR. LUGER... IT'S ON THE WAY TO THE SKEET SITE ANYWAY...
LET'S GO.

A SMALL WAGER, MR. LUGER. YOU LOOK LIKE A BETTING MAN ... MUMFORD, THE RIFLE...
TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU CAN HIT THREE CLAY PIGEONS IN A ROW...
AND IF I CAN'T?

...THEN YOU'LL ACCEPT THE OFFER TO FIND MY DAUGHTER...
FORGET IT. C'MON, PIDGE...

FORGIVE ME, SIR, BUT IT WAS HARDLY A FAIR WAGER. THE ONLY GOOD HAND HE HAS IS SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!
THE MAN IS A HOPELESS ALCOHOLIC!

13

SET 'EM UP, MUMFORD ...ALL THREE AT ONCE...
ALL... THREE?
DO AS HE SAYS, MUMFORD.
PULL!
SPROINNG!
KA-CHOW!
CHOW! CHOW!
EXTRAORDINARY...

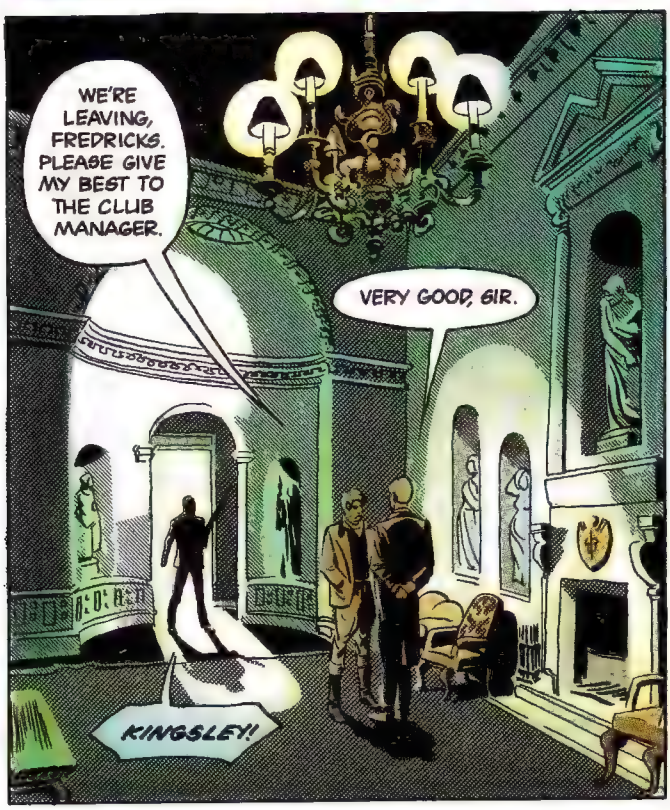
I'LL ACCEPT A CHECK.
I'M AFRAID NOT. THE WAGER'S OFF. COME, GENTLEMEN.
BUT, SIR WILFORD, YOUR WORD...
I SAID THE BET IS OFF.
KINGSLEY! YOU OWE ME TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
14

SHELLS

THANK YOU, OLSEN! GENTLEMEN, I SUGGEST WE PACK OUR LUGGAGE FOR HOME...
BUT, S-SIR WILFORD, D-DON'T YOU THINK WE--

KA-CHOW!

KINGSLEY! PAY UP, YOU CRUD!


WE'RE LEAVING, FREDRICKS. PLEASE GIVE MY BEST TO THE CLUB MANAGER.
VERY GOOD, SIR.
KINGSLEY!!

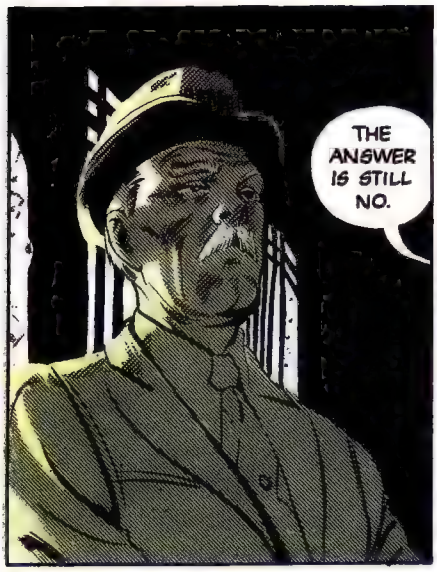
KA-CHOW!

KINGSLEY!

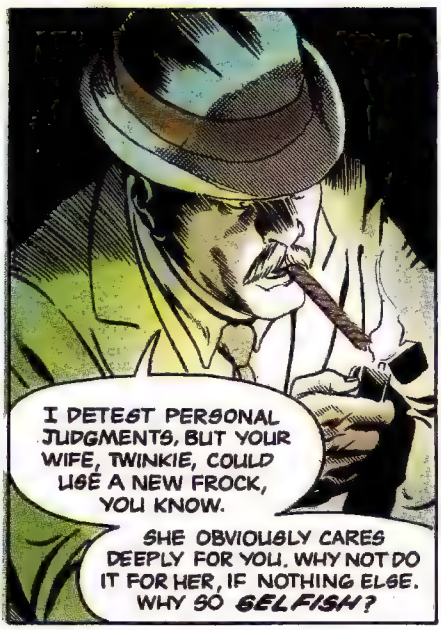
WAS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANTED, MR. LUGER?
MY DOUGH! NOW! BEFORE YOU TAKE ANOTHER STEP!
KA-CHOW!
GET HIM!
CRAZY BASTARD!
AAGH!
WHAA-A-A-A?!

FRRAPP!
CRR S
H! WHAP!
AGH!
PERHAPS YOU'D BEST SUMMON THE POLICE, MUMFORD...
YAGH!!
YAAAA!!
:UFF!:
LOOK OUT!
YYOW!!
YOUR "HOPELESS ALCOHOLIC" IS RUNNING UP QUITE A BILL...

EXIT

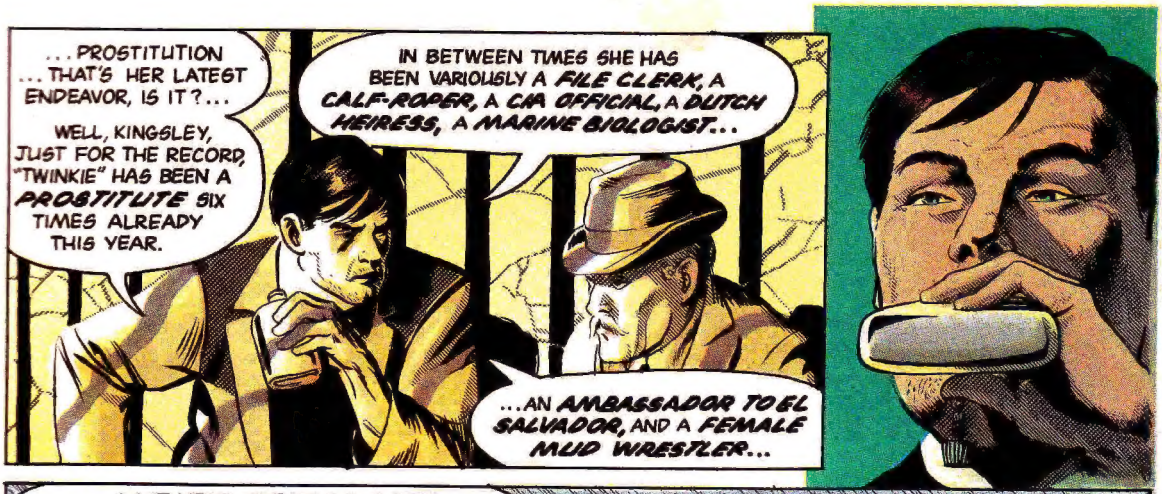

THE ANSWER IS STILL NO.

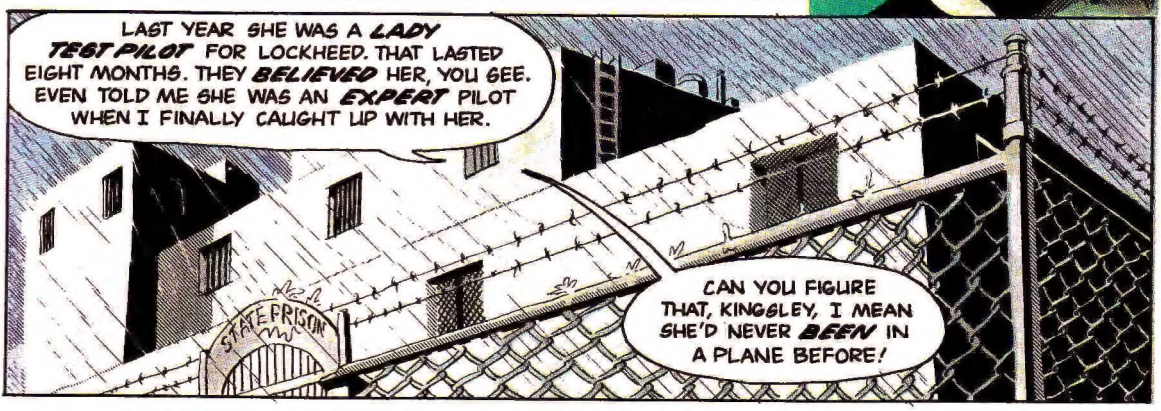
CIGAR?
SHOVE IT.
WELL, MR. LUGER, WE SEEM TO HAVE ESTABLISHED BEYOND ALL DOUBT THAT YOU'RE AS AGILE AS EVER. NOW WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME THE REAL REASON WHY YOU WON'T TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT.


I DETEST PERSONAL JUDGMENTS, BUT YOUR WIFE, TWINKIE, COULD USE A NEW FROCK, YOU KNOW.
SHE OBVIOUSLY CARES DEEPLY FOR YOU. WHY NOT DO IT FOR HER, IF NOTHING ELSE. WHY SO SELFISH?

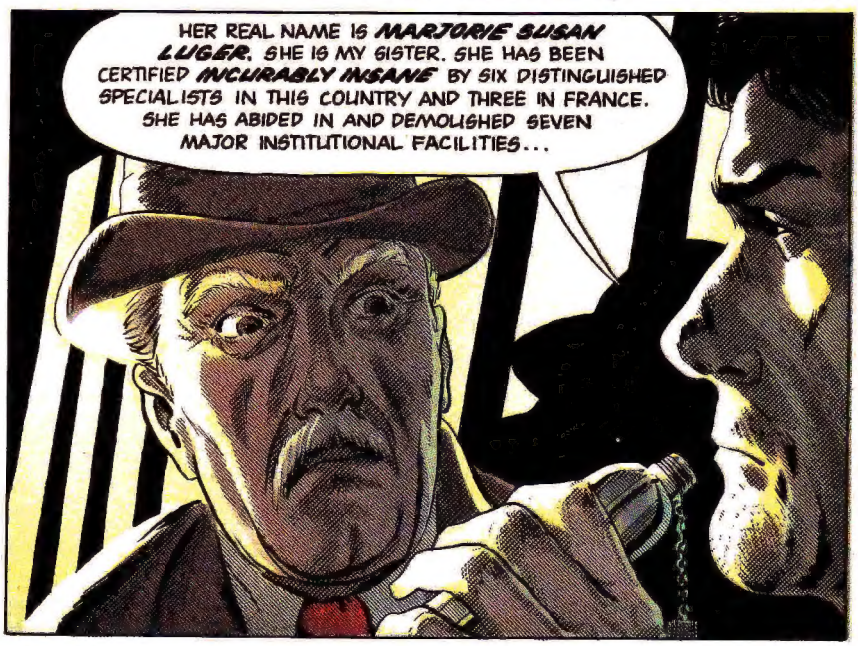
YOU KNOW, KINGSLEY, I CAN HANDLE YOUR BEING AN ARROGANT SNOB...
BUT YOUR STUPIDITY IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. JUST EXACTLY WHAT ELSE DID "TWINKIE" TELL YOU ABOUT US?

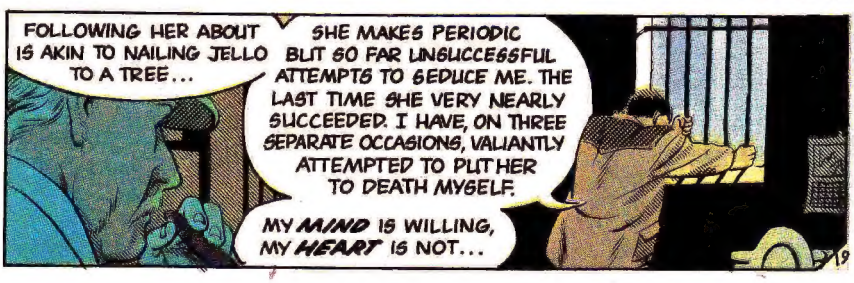
JUST THAT YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR EIGHT YEARS, HAVE A CHILD OF INDETERMINATE AGE SOMEWHERE IN THE EAST, AND THAT YOU STUBBORNLY REFUSE ANY KIND OF STEADY EMPLOYMENT, FORCING HER INTO A LIFE OF PROSTITUTION.
DRINK?


...PROSTITUTION ...THAT'S HER LATEST ENDEAVOR, IS IT?...
WELL, KINGSLEY, JUST FOR THE RECORD, "TWINKIE" HAS BEEN A PROSTITUTE SIX TIMES ALREADY THIS YEAR.
IN BETWEEN TIMES SHE HAS BEEN VARIOUSLY A FILE CLERK, A CALF-ROPER, A CIA OFFICIAL, A DUTCH HEIRESS, A MARINE BIOLOGIST...
...AN AMBASSADOR TO EL SALVADOR, AND A FEMALE MUD WRESTLER...


LAST YEAR SHE WAS A LADY TEST PILOT FOR LOCKHEED. THAT LASTED EIGHT MONTHS. THEY BELIEVED HER, YOU SEE. EVEN TOLD ME SHE WAS AN EXPERT PILOT WHEN I FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HER.
STATE PRISON
CAN YOU FIGURE THAT, KINGSLEY, I MEAN SHE'D NEVER BEEN IN A PLANE BEFORE!

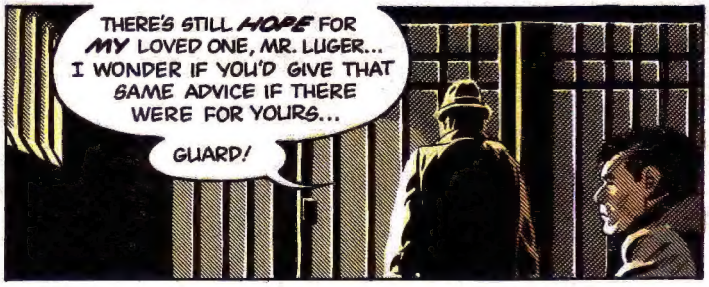
OF COURSE, HER MOST FAMOUS TITLE WAS "ZELDA THE LADY KNIFE THROWER." SHE PROVED SOMEWHAT LESS ADEPT AT THAT ONE.
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?


HER REAL NAME IS MARJORIE SUSAN LUGER. SHE IS MY SISTER. SHE HAS BEEN CERTIFIED INCURABLY INSANE BY SIX DISTINGUISHED SPECIALISTS IN THIS COUNTRY AND THREE IN FRANCE. SHE HAS ABIDED IN AND DEMOLISHED SEVEN MAJOR INSTITUTIONAL FACILITIES...

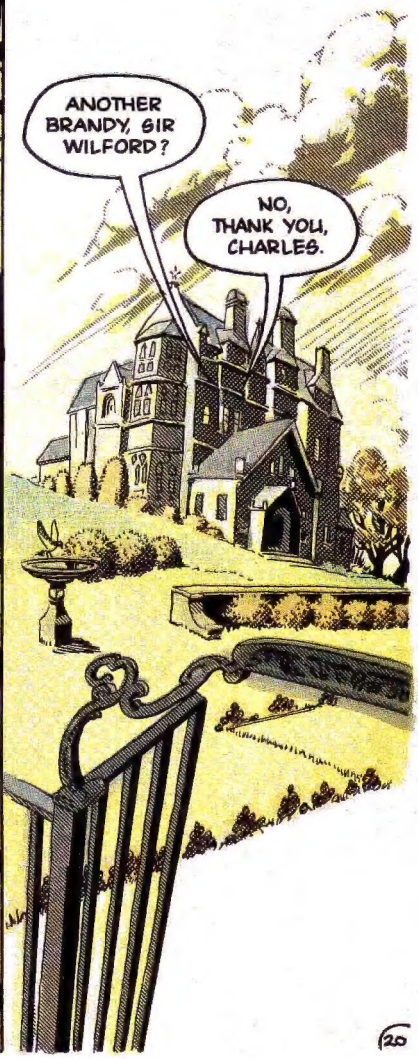

FOLLOWING HER ABOUT IS AKIN TO NAILING JELLO TO A TREE...
SHE MAKES PERIODIC BUT SO FAR UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO SEDUCE ME. THE LAST TIME SHE VERY NEARLY SUCCEEDED. I HAVE, ON THREE SEPARATE OCCASIONS, VALIANTLY ATTEMPTED TO PUT HER TO DEATH MYSELF.
MY MIND IS WILLING, MY HEART IS NOT...

ALL OF WHICH MAKES US SOMEWHAT LESS THAN POPULAR AT SOCIAL GATHERINGS. I HAVE, THEREFORE, IN RECENT YEARS, FOUND FRIENDS AT THE BOTTOM OF AMBER COLORED BOTTLES... OR METAL FLASKS.
SO YOU SEE, MR. KINGSLEY, I HAVE MY HANDS RATHER FULL AT THE MOMENT...

TAKE MY ADVICE AND LET YOUR DAUGHTER GO, SIR WILFORD.
OH, YOU'LL HATE YOURSELF...YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF. YOU'LL LOSE ALL YOUR SELF-PRIDE...
BUT IN THE END YOU'LL STILL HAVE YOUR SANITY.



KINGSLEY HALL, ENGLAND



CRRASSH!
GOOD HEAVENS!
PETERSON, STOP HIM!
AAGH!
KINGSLEY, YOU BASTARD, WHERE IS SHE?
YOUR BOSS IS DOING A LITTLE KIDNAPPING THESE DAYS HIMSELF, IS HE? WHERE IS HE, YOU MEALY-MOUTHED LITTLE MAGGOT?
PUT HIM DOWN, MR. LUGER...
YOU HAVE EXACTLY THREE SECONDS TO PRODUCE HER, KINGSLEY, BEFORE I PULL THE TRIGGER...
DOES THIS BROOCH BELONG TO YOUR SISTER, MR. LUGER?
21

YOU KNOW IT DOES. WHERE IS SHE?
WHERE INDEED.
I FOUND THIS PIN ON THE FLOOR BESIDE MY SAFE LATE THIS MORNING...THE CONTENTS OF THE SAFE WERE UNTOUCHED...
ALL EXCEPT FOR THE PHOTOGRAPH OF MY DAUGHTER...
I WANT MY DAUGHTER BACK, MR. LUGER, BUT I'M NEITHER AN IDIOT NOR A CRIMINAL. I DO NOT HAVE YOUR SISTER...
YOU'RE LYING...
YOUR SISTER DOES APPEAR TO HAVE MY PHOTOGRAPH...PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME WHY...
NEVER MIND, CHARLES, WE HAVE THINGS UNDER CONTROL.
... SHE DID MUTTER SOMETHING ABOUT "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE"...
AND THERE WAS A CREDIT CARD BILL FOR JUNGLE CLOTHING, OUTDOOR GEAR...
GOOD CHRIST...
SHE'S GONE AFTER HER, HASN'T SHE? SHE'S FOUND A NEW ROLE TO PLAY.
GET ME A DRINK, WILL YOU...?
I ASSUME YOU WERE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO HAVE A DUPLICATE MADE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH?
OF COURSE. IT'S HIDDEN IN MY WARDROBE UPSTAIRS...
YOU'D BETTER GET IT...
...AND WHILE YOU'RE UP THERE, GRAB YOUR CHECKBOOK. I'M GOING TO NEED TRAVELING EXPENSES!
TO BE CONTINUED...